

THE

AUGUST, 1939

# QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



**"NOW, MR.  
SECRETARY—"**

With America's relations with foreign nations making headlines daily, Secretary of State Cordell Hull is contacted frequently by the Washington correspondents.

—Wide World

# THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Founded 1912



VOLUME XXVII

AUGUST, 1939

NUMBER 8

Cover Photo—Wide World . . . . .	1
At Deadline—R. L. P. . . . .	2
California: Here Comes SDX!—George A. Brandenburg . . . . .	3
News Gathering in Nazi Germany—Louis P. Lochner . . . . .	5
I'm Just a Journalistic Jill!—Anonymous . . . . .	7
Are Editors Shirking Their Jobs?—Marvin A. Creager . . . . .	8
Louisiana Lid Lifter—David O. McGuire . . . . .	10
The Book Beat . . . . .	15
As We View It . . . . .	18

THE QUILL, a monthly magazine devoted to journalism, is owned and published by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, which was founded at DePauw University, April 17, 1909.

RALPH L. PETERS, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

GEORGE F. PIERROT  
World Adventure Lectures  
MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY  
University of Minnesota

LEE A. WHITE  
The Detroit News  
DONALD D. HOOVER  
Bozell & Jacobs, Inc.  
Hammond, Ind.

FRANK W. McDONOUGH  
Better Homes & Gardens  
VERNE MINGE  
The Detroit News

VERNON MCKENNEY  
University of Washington

J. GUNNAR BACK  
Radio Station WJNO, West Palm Beach, Fla.

JAMES C. KIPER, Business Manager

PUBLICATION BOARD

GEORGE A. BRANDENBURG  
Chicago Correspondent, Editor & Publisher

TULLY NETTLETON  
Christian Science Monitor

RALPH L. PETERS  
The Detroit News

OFFICES

Business Office  
35 E. Wacker Drive  
Chicago, Ill.

Editorial Office  
14891 Artesian Avenue  
Detroit, Mich.

Office of Publication  
1201-5 Bluff Street  
Fulton, Mo.

PLEASE REPORT ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS DIRECT TO OUR BUSINESS OFFICE RATHER THAN TO THE POST OFFICE. A request for change of address must reach us not later than the first week of month preceding month of issue with which change is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With new address send also the old one, enclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Unless extra postage is provided, Post Office will not forward copies to your new address.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Five years, \$7.50; one year, \$2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Fulton, Mo., under the act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in par. 4, sec. 412, P. L. & R.



## AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

**W**HAT'S wrong with you head-writers? Don't you write any good ones? Aren't there any good ones in your paper? Aren't there any in the other papers you read?

We're still hoping that this monthly Headline Hunt will bring in some real sparklers. Snip out the next good head you see and fire it along so we all can enjoy it.

We'll offer just one this month—and we think it a darb. The Detroit Tigers, during a July home stand, made 21 errors in four consecutive games. H. G. Salsinger, of the *News* sports staff, wrote a separate story on the boots and over it appeared this unusual six-column headline:

**But Perfect Fielding Would  
Not Have Won**

(There are 12 errors in the above line—count 'em—but as go the Tigers so goes the headline writer)

Rather an unusual head, don't you think, for some VERY unusual games!

**F**ROM Frank Nye, Jr., of the Iowa Daily Press Association, came this headline in rhyme taken from the *Des Moines Tribune*:

**F. R. Calls Talk With Farley,  
'Just Another Routine Parley'**

Now let's hear from the rest of you. Aren't there any good heads being written these hot summer days—or are they all being written on the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* desk where we hope James G. Long is saving out another batch of good ones?

No good ones in the Southwest? How about it, Walter Humphrey, of the *Temple (Texas) Telegram*?

No good ones in Kansas? What say, Marco Morrow, of the *Capper Publications*?

No good ones in Washington? Seen any, Tully Nettleton, *Christian Science Monitor*?

No good ones in New York? We're waiting on all you lads there!

**T**HE reverberations from Willmoore Kendall's article in the May issue, "Should the Government Take Over the Press?" are continuing.

Merril V. Reed, vice-president of Sales Management, Inc., publishers of *Sales Management*, asks:

[Concluded on page 19]



**Raymond Clapper**

Washington columnist for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi, and convention speaker.



**Donald J. Sterling**

Managing editor of the Portland (Ore.) Journal and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, who speaks at the convention banquet.



**Paul C. Edwards**

Associate editor of the San Francisco News, who will make the keynote address at the opening session of Sigma Delta Chi's Pacific Coast meeting.

# California: Here Comes SDX!

## Journalistic Fraternity's 24th National Convention, Lasting Six Days, to Open in San Francisco Aug. 31

By **GEORGE A. BRANDENBURG**

National President, Sigma Delta Chi

**B**RILLIANT stars of journalism, radio and cinema fame will be featured at Sigma Delta Chi's 24th national convention to be held on the Pacific Coast, Aug. 31 through Sept. 5.

Built around the convention theme: "Headlines in 1940," the six-day program will open at the San Francisco Press Club, Thursday morning, Aug. 31. Following a full-day's program in San Francisco, the convention will move to Stanford University campus, Palo Alto, where sessions will continue through Sunday, Sept. 3. Monday (Labor Day) will be taken up by a daylight trip by train to Los Angeles, where the concluding day's session will be held Sept. 5.

The professional program at San Francisco and Palo Alto will include three symposia covering the Washington, foreign and local newsfronts, shop talks by prominent newspapermen and an address by the president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. Interspersed with the professional journalistic clinics, will be a session devoted to undergraduate and professional chapter affairs and ample California hospitality, including the Golden Gate International Exposition. The Stanford undergraduate and San Francisco professional chapters are col-



**George A. Brandenburg**

National president of Sigma Delta Chi, a veteran in the fraternity's service, is Chicago correspondent for Editor & Publisher.

laborating as hosts during the first three days of the traveling convention.

**W**HEN delegates reach Los Angeles, they will be guests of the University of Southern California undergraduate and Los Angeles professional chapters. Beverly Hills Hotel will be convention headquarters for the final phase of the meeting. Arrangements have been made for delegates to visit 20th Century-Fox Studios where they will be entertained at luncheon.

Not only will SDX members meet well known motion picture stars, but they will also be given the opportunity to learn firsthand how movie scenario writers work. Tuesday afternoon, delegates will be taken on a tour of the Columbia Broadcasting System's Hollywood studios, to be followed by a round-table discussion on radio continuity writing and news reporting. They will also witness a broadcast on a national hookup.

Climaxing the entire affair will be a gala banquet Tuesday evening at which such headliners as Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Alec Templeton, Rupert Hughes, Irvin Cobb, Bob Burns and Walter Winchell will occupy the spotlight. Los Angeles newspaper publishers, all of whom are SDX members, will join the delegates at the banquet to be held at Beverly Hills Hotel.

**T**HE opening day at San Francisco will be known as "California Newspaper Publishers' Day." Paul C. Edwards, associate editor, San Francisco News, will deliver

## Among the Headliners on the Convention Program



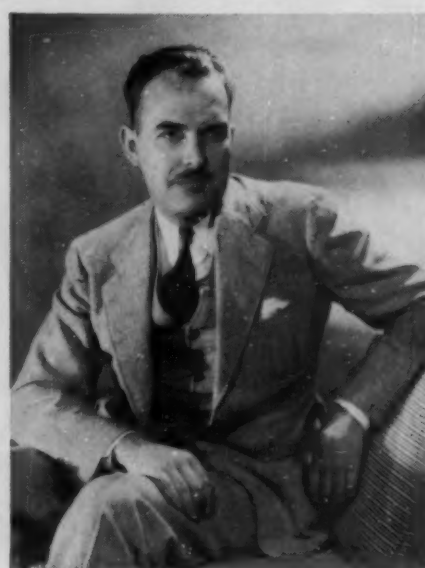
**Barry Faris**

Editor-in-Chief, *International News Service*, executive councilor of Sigma Delta Chi, and convention speaker.



**Leo C. Rosten**

Author of "The Washington Correspondents," who will participate in the "Washington News Front" symposium.



**Paul Harrison**

Hollywood correspondent for *NEA Service, Inc.*, Mr. Harrison will relate experiences along the glamor beat.

the keynote address, speaking on the subject "A Free Press by Public Service." At noon, delegates and officers will be guests of the California Newspaper Publishers Association at a luncheon. William S. Kellogg, CNPA president and publisher of the *Glendale News-Press*, will preside. Principal speakers will be Bill Rogers, son of the late Will Rogers and publisher of the *Beverly Hills Citizen*, and Neal Van Sooy, CNPA first vice-president and publisher of the *Azusa Herald*.

Raymond Clapper, Washington columnist for the *Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance* and SDX national honorary pres-

ident, and Leo C. Rosten, author of "The Washington Correspondents" will participate in a symposium on "The Washington Newsfront" at the Thursday afternoon session. In the evening, delegates will be guests of San Francisco and Oakland newspapers at a dinner. Speakers for this occasion are yet to be announced.

Paul Harrison, NEA Hollywood correspondent, will open the Friday afternoon session at Stanford with a talk on "Reporting and Pressagentry in Hollywood." A symposium on "The Foreign Newsfront" will follow, featuring Oscar Leidig, cable editor of the *Associated Press*

and SDX executive councilor; Barry Faris, editor-in-chief of *International News Service* and SDX councilor; and John Thompson, foreign news editor, *San Francisco News*.

**DONALD J. STERLING**, managing editor, *Portland (Ore.) Journal*, and ASNE president, will deliver the principal address at the convention banquet to be held Friday evening at Stanford. Mr. Clapper will speak on the value of SDX membership from the viewpoint of an active newspaperman.

Saturday morning's professional program will include a symposium on "The Local Newsfront" featuring Palmer Hoyt, publisher, *Portland (Ore.) Oregonian* and SDX national treasurer, and Ralph L. Peters, roto editor, *Detroit News* and editor of *THE QUILL*. At the same session, Irving Dilliard, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* editorial writer and SDX secretary, will discuss the Nieman Fellowship plan, based on his experience as a Nieman fellow at Harvard this year, and Chilton R. Bush, director of the Stanford division of journalism and SDX councilor, will speak on "The Road Ahead for Journalism Schools."

Delegates will be guests of the Stanford and San Francisco chapters at a luncheon Saturday noon at Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco, to be followed by a sight-seeing tour. Convention goers will be free to attend the San Francisco fair Saturday afternoon and evening and again on Sunday afternoon and evening. Sunday morning will be devoted to the final convention business session, including election of officers. Delegates will entrain at Palo Alto Monday morning, Sept. 4, for the trip to Los Angeles, arriving there that evening.

[Continued on page 16]

THE QUILL for August, 1939



—Crandall Photo

Arcades of the Inner Quadrangle and Memorial Church at Stanford University where the 24th national convention of Sigma Delta Chi will be held.

# News Gathering in Nazi Germany

## Carefully Filtered Official Releases Compared With Scribe's Own Sources

By LOUIS P. LOCHNER

Chief, Berlin Bureau, the Associated Press

**N**EWs in Germany is put through many a filter before it becomes available to the German reporter, and through additional filters before the German public is let in on it, the Nazi theory being that close supervision of newspapers and other publicity best serves the country's interests.

The foreign correspondent is not subject to the same restrictions. Obviously, however, as he cannot be everywhere and must rely upon German sources for many facts, he, too, gets this carefully filtered news. To put this news in proper perspective he must build up a set of communications of his own which, however, may break down any moment and which, at best, needs constant repair and replacement.

**H**ERE'S how the filtering process works: every day in Berlin, in the various ministries and principal departments of government, the press

chief of that department—in America he is known as the Public Relations man—confers with the head of the department as to what news is available; what news should be given out and what not; what news shall be imparted to the representatives of the German press for their information only, but not for publication; what reply shall be given to this or that embarrassing question that may be asked by an inquisitive foreign correspondent; etc.

From here this press liaison officer walks over to the Ministry of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment. This ministry is charged with the control of the press and has a special press department just as it has one on radio, theater, film, news photos, art, literary output, and various other cultural functions. At its head is Hitler's personal press chief and confidant, Dr. Otto Dietrich, who knows his master's mind as few Germans do. He holds the title of secretary of state and is



—Associated Press Photo

Louis P. Lochner

thus second only to the minister himself, Dr. Joseph Goebbels.

From the reports of the various departmental representatives the "Reichspressechef," as Dr. Dietrich is called, or one of his deputies, obtains a pretty comprehensive picture of what news is available. Dietrich enjoys the advantage, however, of knowing what is in Der Fuehrer's mind, how Hitler wishes the news to be handled, and how he wishes to have the public prepared for coming events.

Also, he knows many things that none of the departmental press chiefs know, either because they are outside their own field or because their minister or secretary of state, bound to secrecy by an oath to Hitler, does not dare reveal them even to his closest collaborators.

From this composite picture of news reports, plus personal knowledge, the "Reichspressechef" or his deputy evolves a budget of news that is fit for the German press and, to a lesser degree, for the German public to know. The numerous functionaries of the press department take almost verbatim notes on how this or that piece of news is to be given out—that is, what interpretation is to be put upon it; and for the rest of the day the inquiring correspondent will receive standardized answers.

**A**T 11:00 a. m. every week-day, representatives of the German Fourth Estate foregather at the Propaganda Ministry for the daily press conference. Meanwhile the 30-odd sub-offices of this ministry throughout the land

**L**OUIS P. LOCHNER, chief of the Berlin bureau of the Associated Press and Pulitzer prize winner in 1939 for distinguished service as a foreign correspondent, describes in this article prepared exclusively for The Quill something of the problems facing a correspondent in the German capital.

Dean of the A.P. European staff, Mr. Lochner is 52 years old. Born on Washington's birthday in Springfield, Ill., he was graduated from the University of Wisconsin with Phi Beta Kappa honors in 1909. He was secretary on Henry Ford's Peace Ship which sailed for Europe Dec. 4, 1915, in an attempt to end the World War. Before joining the Associated Press at Berlin in 1924, Lochner was a reporter on the now defunct Milwaukee Free Press and the Madison (Wis.) Democrat.

His extremely wide acquaintance with Germans as an A.P. reporter for years before Hitler came into power has kept all doors open to him. His knowledge of the old Germany has helped him interpret the new Reich. He is master of the language and can make a speech in German as readily as in English. As far back as 1930, when people were making fun of Hitler as a fatuous dreamer, Lochner objectively reported the future Fuehrer's ideas as revealed in personal interviews. In August, 1932, when Hitler's star appeared to be waning, Lochner visited him in the Bavarian Alps and obtained an interview which showed that the dictator-to-be had mapped a daring course. Since then he has chronicled all the major developments that have marked Hitler's rise to power.

have been instructed on a special radio set-up what the government at Berlin deems advisable to give out. Thus the reporters in Munich, or Stuttgart, or Koenigsberg are given the same sort of general instructions and information as are those of Berlin.

As to the purely local news, the local representative of the ministry usually decides. But if he is in doubt, he inquires by teleprinter from Berlin.

I remember being shown through the editorial offices of a leading Westphalian paper which served a number of communities. For each of these communities an editor had been engaged who was exceptionally well grounded in Nazi principles and practice. The reports that came in from the various communities by the special reporters were of a kind that it seemed to me any city or managing editor need merely glance over them as part of his routine. I wondered why a special editor was necessary to watch each of these reports.

"This editor," my host informed me, "must remain in closest touch with the Nazi party officials in his community and with the representative of the Propaganda Ministry. An item that may seem innocuous to the managing editor, because he does not know the background, may be regarded as undesirable by the representative of the ministry because he knows the political angles involved, or because he senses the international repercussions that may result from publication of the item.

"Or again, the item may be unobjectionable as news. But the local party leader may wish, for instance, to spring it as a surprise on a rally that evening. So he may ask that publication be deferred."

**BUT** to return to the Berlin conference: German press representatives are not private individuals; they are licensed functionaries of Nazism. No German may serve as editor or correspondent unless he has been admitted to the "Reichspressekammer," a subsidiary of the Ministry of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment. To be ejected from this body is tantamount to losing the right to write for a living. It is certainly as bad as for an American attorney or an American medical man to be thrown out of his professional society.

More than that: the German newsman is under oath not to reveal information divulged at the press conference as confidential matter, nor even to reveal information which he may himself have gathered but which the ministry decides may not be published. The laws for the punishment

## Nazi Press Chiefs in Berlin



**Dr. Otto Dietrich**  
The Reich press chief.



—Associated Press Photos  
**Dr. Karl Boemer**  
Head of the Foreign Department  
for Journalism.

of treason under which such revelations fall are extremely severe!

At this conference, then, the men of the German press learn what they may print and what not, and how they are to comment upon the day's events. The result is a uniformity of the German press which is leading more and more to consolidations of once mighty daily papers. A recent case in point is the amalgamation of the "Berliner Tageblatt" with the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung."

**BUT** what of the unexpected news, the "spot" items that nobody can foresee? Here, again, the rule for any wise German editor is, "When in doubt, consult the Propaganda Ministry." An airplane accident, for instance, may be held up for hours until it has been determined whether it is wise policy to give the news out at this time.

Time and again we American correspondents receive requests from our home offices for immediate reaction to an utterance, say by President Roosevelt or Secretary of State Hull. We know full well that American editors at home are clamoring for this reaction. We know also, however, that in nine cases out of ten, hours may elapse before we can satisfy these American requests.

It will not do for us simply to send an excerpt of the speech or utterance in question over to the Propaganda Ministry. The official must wait until the German News Bureau has relayed the text from New York or Washington, or until the German Embassy at Washington has done so. Next the

text must be shown to Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop, and, in most cases, to Fuehrer Adolf Hitler himself.

Hitler may decide that the American statesman's pronouncement shall not be made public until several days later. Or he may decide to withhold all comment until he himself can address the nation over the radio or at a special Reichstag session. Obviously, under such circumstances an authentic official commentary is not available. And nobody will risk unofficial comment.

**IT** is only fair to say, however, that since the advent of Dr. Dietrich to the chieftainship of the press and since his appointment of the able Prof. Dr. Karl Boemer as head of the foreign section, the importance of quick service for the foreign press is being realized in increasing manner.

The same thing often applies to news withheld from the German public. Dietrich and Boemer realize that, once news has leaked out to one foreign news agency or paper, it is better to give out the version as the government sees the situation or item, than to have the foreign press reverberate with charges of suppression.

Also, situations arise when the ministry's official realizes from the question asked by a foreign newsman that this man knows what he is talking about, yet for the sake of accuracy he desires an official confirmation. But the official may be forbidden to give such confirmation for the moment. It

[Concluded on page 14]

# I'm Just a Journalistic Jill!

## *A Small-Town Society Editor Has Her Say—*

**I**'M doggone well fed up!

Fed up with newspaper people, both men and women, taking nasty cracks at small-town society editors.

In the May issue of *THE QUILL*, a "doggone well fed up" reporter on a small daily justifies the shortcomings of his brotherhood so often maligned by journalists of the metropolitan papers. He presents a good case. There are two such men on the paper where I work and I know that every word he wrote is true.

But, to show that there are people in the newspaper field who are his inferiors, he takes an unmerciful crack at all small-town society editors.

He says, "These 'small-town society editors,' in case you are not familiar with the tribe, are usually stenographers who wouldn't recognize the proper ingredients of a lead or headline if you dropped them in her lap."

**P**RESUMING that the gentleman is being truthful about the duties of his society editor, who "doubles at book work, sells ads and solicits job printing," one would judge that she rarely has a lap on which the ingredients of anything could be dropped.

A strong constitution and a sense of humor are much more important for a society editor than knowing the ingredients of a lead, I found out soon after taking over the lowliest of all newspaper jobs, that of society editor on a small-town paper.

A missionary society met and had one item on the program that was outstanding. In writing the account, I put that item in the lead, thinking how nice it was not to begin with the devotional and end with the benediction. I felt quite proud of myself. I had written an account of a missionary society that was different.

As soon as the paper was off the press, the publicity chairman flounced in. Her cheeks were flaming and she was on the verge of tears.

"What on earth have you done? You've ruined it! You've ruined it!" she wailed.

"I don't understand," I said.

"Oh, yes you do," she snapped. "You put something first that was nearly last."

**I**TRIED to explain that everything was accounted for, no names left out, that it was just a variation of form

to lend interest, but all to no avail. She said a lot of people did not like my new-fangled ideas, and that I could fix the write-ups of their society just like they happened or I could leave them out!

I was crushed. Today I would politely tell her to step to, but ever since that day, I have begun at the beginning and ended at the end, regardless of the number of good leads laying around begging to be used.

That there are other society editors who do the same thing, I have no doubt. They know the ingredients of a lead but they also know that most women do not want their parties, missionary societies and clubs broken into in the middle. In time they might convert their readers but they simply do not have time to argue with the good sisters.

**A**NSWERING the telephone is a small-town society editor's job. She handles various notices and material for stories written by the men. She usually explains that she will be glad to turn the material over to the proper person, but if and when something goes wrong, it is she who gets the verbal whipping over the telephone.

Whether the men pass the buck, or whether the person delivering the message feels that the person receiving it should be personally responsible, I have never been able to figure out. But from the mistakes of the proof-

reader to the shortcomings of the circulation department, the society editor gets told in no uncertain terms how lousy she and the rest of the staff are.

Caretaker of the morgue is another title the society editor could have. I have never thrown away a mat in my life—but sometimes one is missing. (I have vague suspicions occasionally that it has never been in the morgue.) However, when search fails to bring to light a coveted mat, I am treated with the condescension accorded a small child when some valuable article belonging to an older member of the family is missing and the child is the suspected culprit.

**L**ISTED in my extracurricular activities are the grain and cotton tables and the stock markets on which I put the previous day's close. I get the temperature readings and rainfall for each 24 hours. The "thought for the day" and the "10 and 20 years ago" get my careful and adoring attention. I proofread the editorials the second time, and get the editorial pages from the state papers each morning so the press comment can be chosen. I keep the paste jars full and the office dusted.

The library is mine to cover until a really interesting story comes up and then it is given to one of the men. I keep the time record for seven people under the wage hour law and it is like begging alms to get the men to give me their time cards. Again I am treated with the same kind of condescension that is passed out when mats are missing.

There are four typewriters in the editorial department, all of which I keep clean (fairly), oiled (too much, the boys say), and ribbons on two of them, mine and the editors.

When the proofreader is sick, on vacation, or just plain swamped, I do double duty. When one of the men is out, I do double duty again, writing church notices—not important ones; funeral notices—not of important people; and editing wire copy—not important copy.

**A**SIDE from my duties as janitor, telephone girl, copy boy, bookkeeper, weatherman, caretaker of the morgue, proofreader and errand boy, I manage to get out an average of about 2,700 words daily of that worthless but nec-

[Concluded on page 9]

---

**I**N an article appearing in the May issue of *The Quill*, a young mid-western newspaperman—irked by the look-down-their-nose attitude and condescending criticism of metropolitan scribes—loosed a tirade against the big city lads. That would have been all right, apparently, if he hadn't included in his remarks a few slaps in the direction of the small-town society editors. His observations brought forth a rebel yell and this spirited defense from a young newspaperwoman in the South who modestly declined to let us use her name with the article.

---

# Are Editors Shirking Their

**"T**O its opportunities as a chronicle are indissolubly linked its obligations as teacher and interpreter."

So reads the last sentence in the first paragraph of the preamble of the Canons of Journalism adopted by the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

The able editors who founded the Society nearly a score of years ago recognized in that declaration the duty of newspapers to interpret and explain. They referred to newspapers' "opportunities" as a chronicle and to their "obligations" as teacher and interpreter. Thus they stressed the function of interpreter more than that of chronicle.

**S**INCE the Canons were written and adopted, the syndicated column has taken over more and more the "obligations" of teacher and interpreter. It is difficult to draw the line always between columns of editorial interpretation and columns of factual information and gossip, but I believe it would be fair to say that at the moment there are 20 columnists of nationwide usage who each day explain to the American public the whys and wherefores of national and international affairs.

Information as to the number of subscribers to each of these columns is available from some of the syndicates which merchandise the writings, and according to those figures the highest circulated column has 318 newspapers, the next highest is 174 and altogether there are six that have 100 subscribers or more, according to the figures of the syndicates. In one or two cases the number of subscribers was withheld by the syndicate.

Among the newspapers buying from several to a dozen each of these columns are many of the most widely known of the American newspapers, and I enjoy the privilege of acquaintance with several very able editors who consider those columns of the highest importance to their newspapers.

**T**HERE can be no question as to the ability and probity and skill of the authors of these columns as a whole. They turn out highly readable and interesting material. They write columns that glitter, but their success, especially their financial success, depends upon the number of newspapers that buy their wares. They are writing something to sell and their audience changes with the vicissitudes of

## Danger to Journalism's Future Seen in Wide Use of Ready-Made Columns

By MARVIN H. CREAGER

Editor, the Milwaukee Journal

the syndicate business over which they have little control.

With this number of column writers so widely used throughout the country it would seem obvious that the "obligations" of interpretation are being widely farmed out, and they are being farmed out to writers whose prosperity depends upon the salability of their writings.

How generally these columns are being substituted for individual editorial work by newspapers I do not know but my impression is that it is being done extensively. And so arises the question as to whether American editors are shirking their responsibility.

I think they are in many cases. Doubtless there is an economical factor in the situation. These columns are not inexpensive, especially if competitive papers in the same town want the same column, but even so they do not cost as much as a competent and adequate staff of editorial writers. Not only that but their output has professional polish, often luster, and is likely

to be more attractive than the home-made product.

But granting all that, the newspaper that accepts and depends upon the interpretation of important events by persons with whom it is not in touch and over whom it has no control is, to that extent, shirking the "obligations" quoted in the Canons.

Not that a newspaper should control interpretation to the extent of dictating everything that is printed, but it must be responsible for what is printed and to be responsible it must know the circumstances under which it was written and understand the background for it.

**S**OME editors evidently wish to please everybody, believing they achieve that end by printing columns representing various schools of thought and then preen themselves on their fairness. That plan does not appeal to me as fulfilling a newspaper's "obligations" as interpreter. A newspaper should have ideas of its own and express them without the help of syndicated writers who at the same time

**T**HE weakening of local editorial pages through the growing tendency to let columnists handle controversial subjects, while the local editorial writers discuss women's styles, the weather or other innocuous topics, is causing concern among newspaper editors and publishers.

Tom Wallace, editor of the Louisville Times, struck at the practice recently in a Quill article entitled "Over-the-Counter Opinions." Marvin H. Creager, editor of the Milwaukee Journal, hits hard at the same thing in this significant article, presented originally before the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

Mr. Creager's journalistic career has been spent chiefly and almost equally in Kansas City and Milwaukee, with an interlude in Washington. Graduating from the University of Kansas in 1904, he became a reporter and sports editor on the Kansas City (Mo.) World, moving to the Kansas City Post in 1906 and to the Kansas City Star later the same year. He filled various positions on the Star up to 1916, when he went to Washington as correspondent. After a year in Washington, he became literary and Sunday editor of the Star, continuing in that post until 1920 when he became managing editor and subsequently editor of the Milwaukee Journal. He was secretary of the American Society of Newspaper Editors from 1926 to 1930 and president in 1936-37.

# Jobs?

are expressing opinions for from 50 to several hundred other newspapers.

Some newspapers edit these columns, although it is my impression that comparatively few do so unless it be to cut them down occasionally to meet space conditions. A newspaper in my home town made bold to edit one of its syndicate columns a few weeks ago and was bitterly assailed by another newspaper for violating freedom of the press. So a sort of sanctity seems to be growing up around these columns. Mere editors are not supposed to meddle with them but to take them and like them. I don't mean to imply that I think that is the general feeling but I have heard that there are columns sold with the understanding that they are not to be edited.

I think we are all agreed that the important thing is to inform the reading public rather than confuse it. The real information on public affairs is contained in the day-by-day news properly prepared and presented. The public is sufficiently intelligent to follow this news and to draw their own conclusions from it. The trouble is to get them to read it. I submit that often columns of comment are in effect pre-digested versions of the news, easy for the reader to take and tending to wean him away from the news columns which he ought to be reading. That is no fault of the column writer but it is the inevitable effect of too much opinion and too little actual fact.

**I** HAVE had an opportunity to note the effect of these columns on the readers of newspapers in a typical American industrial city. Practically all of the top-flight columns are printed in the newspapers there. And those columns are widely quoted. One hears on every side about what this column writer and that column writer said. But it is always the columnist and never the newspaper which printed the column that is quoted.

The editorials in the newspapers using these columns are so seldom mentioned that one wonders if the columnists haven't stolen all the thunder from the paper. And still we inquire sometimes what has become of newspaper influence. I think they still have influence and plenty of it but I don't believe the columns add any to that influence and I don't think the newspaper that surrenders its "obligations" to any outsider can expect to hold its influence unimpaired.

THE QUILL for August, 1939

I am willing for the sake of argument to grant that these columns have wide reading. The fact that they have wide reading is one of the main reasons why I am inclined to view them with alarm. But I wonder if editors are not sometimes somewhat deceived as to the number of readers they have. A somewhat desultory survey in the community mentioned before indicates that the run-of-mine readers are not particularly up on columnists; in fact, several of the burghers were under the impression that one of the well known columnists was a sports writer. Furthermore, in that same community one newspaper which has never printed more than one column at a time, and that so nearly as possible a factual column, has improved its circulation situation in comparison with competitive newspapers which have carried them all or practically all.

I am sufficiently familiar with these columns to attempt a criticism of their contents. I think they for the most part represent the highest grade of public writing. It seems to me that sometimes I have noticed a little inclination toward mutual back scratching, and specifically within the last few weeks I have seen one column devoted to an explanation to the Irish readers of what the columnist had meant in a recent reference to that nationality in his writings. And another columnist used one day's space to repeat what the same writer had said a year ago and to add in effect "I told you so." But that is all human enough.

**T**HERE is another phase of the situation that I think may be worth mentioning. American journalism always has attracted to its ranks many brilliant and ambitious young men and women. It is, of course, the ambition of these young men and women to become wielders of influence through their writing. They are all set to make the rafters ring and, Lord bless them, I admire their enthusiasm.

But what chance have these youngsters to achieve their ambition if they must work in a journalism in which the editorial functions are largely purchased from syndicates? Years ago a fledgling journalist out in Emporia wrote a piece entitled "What's the Matter with Kansas?" It got into newspapers all over the country and William Allen White was made. Of course he has been improving each and every year of the 40 or more years since then, but that piece put him on the map.

I am just wondering how many papers would use a piece like that by a boy unknown to fame in competition

with widely promoted, ready-made columns that many papers feel must be used every day whether they say anything or not.

Among the duties of the newspapers of America is the perpetuation of American journalism. It can't be perpetuated if ambitious youngsters cannot see in it some chance for individuality. The recent activities of the Guild have tended toward leveling off individuality. Further influences toward that end can only have unhappy results on the future influence of American newspapers.

And so, insofar as editors are permitting mail-order columns to usurp the functions of their own editorials I believe that they are shirking a solemn duty and "obligation" and are sacrificing their influence in their communities. True, the ready-made product may be smoother and more attractive. Mother's pie is often not so beautiful as the one painted on the bakery wagon—but you do know what is in it and how it got there.

## Just Jill—

[Concluded from page 7]

essary product of journalism called society. Sunday editions need from 5,000 to 7,000 words of such filler to go between the ads that are supposed to appeal to women, and usually I manage to come through after a fashion.

Anybody can write society! How often I have heard that remark from the men in our office! Perhaps anybody could write society but it would take a good-sized man to be a society editor on a small daily paper. Even the gentleman who took such a slap at society editors in general would have his hands full.

I am not ashamed of my job. I like it. Someone has to pick up loose ends in any small organization. I just can't comprehend why the men and women of the newspaper world are so utterly lacking in understanding for the office flunky, generally known as the society editor.

DR. ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE (Pittsburgh '27), a member of Raymond Rich Associates of New York and author of "The Daily Newspaper in America," is a Lecturer on General Sociology in the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance at New York University.

★

LEO MORES, president of the Iowa State College chapter of Sigma Delta Chi last year, is now editor and manager of the Harlan (Ia.) Tribune. Mores and MARK CRAMER (Iowa State) purchased the Tribune in March. Cramer also publishes the Rockwell City Advocate.



"Get plenty of art—and rush it!"

**MAJ. JAMES E. CROWN**, editor and managing editor of the New Orleans *States*, is one of the last of the old-time American newspapermen.

Now in his middle sixties and with the responsibilities and respectability of his high position beginning to calm him down, he can look back on a spectacular newspaper career that carried him from one end of the country to the other and made his name a legend in city rooms all over America.

Several years ago, when the late Capt. J. Walker Ross, whom Crown succeeded as editor of the *States*, was honored at a testimonial banquet on the occasion of his Golden Anniversary with that newspaper, one of the speakers remarked:

"Gentlemen, Capt. Ross has worked 50 years on one newspaper and the man who sits beside him (Crown) worked on 50 papers in one year."

**THAT** anecdote is an apt illustration of the rambling period of Maj. Crown's newspaper career—the years between 1898 and 1916. He loves to reminisce about those days, particularly of his rough and tumble years in Chicago. But they are of the past, gone with the

"poker-playing and the drunken reporter," he declares.

Today Jim Crown is known and respected the length and breadth of Louisiana for his hard-hitting, crusading editorial page, his news-column exposure of political graft, corruption and waste of public funds and his operation of the *States* as a public service institution.

**THE** son of a Virginia Methodist minister, he often rode the circuit with his father, as a boy. His mother is still known in the mountains of Virginia as "The Mother of the Virginia Conference." This early background may account for his interest in his paper's church page and his vigorous "go to church" editorials which carry as much punch as his political crusading.

After attending Randolph-Macon college, he entered the University of Virginia. He left there suddenly, he says, because he spent too much time in the perennial poker game allegedly founded by Thomas Jefferson.

He read law for a while, but his restless nature soon took him to Washington, where he joined the staff of the

# Louisiana L

## Jim Crown, Hard-Hitting Editor Plays Stellar Role in Exposures

By DAVID R. McGuire

Washington *Times* in 1898 "because I was hungry."

Subsequently he became affiliated with the capital bureaus of the New York *Evening World* and the New York *American*. It was in 1900, while connected with the *World*, that he obtained a notable scoop. Disguising himself as a gardener, he mowed the lawn of Chinese Minister Wu Ting Fang and thereby obtained a beat from that venerable diplomat on announcement of the Boxer insurrection.

He later became city editor of the Richmond (Va.) *News*, but left that post to join the New York *Commercial*. His next job was with the Norfolk (Va.) *Dispatch*, where he was city editor.

Following is an incomplete list of some of the papers he worked for in the years that followed:

Atlanta *Constitution*; Memphis *News*; St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*; Chicago *Examiner*, as night city editor; Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, as city editor; Chicago *Chronicle* city desk; Chicago *Tribune* city desk; a return to the *Examiner* city desk; New Orleans *Item*, city editor; return to Chicago *Exam-*

**NEWSPAPERMEN** everywhere have a right to be proud. The newspapers of New Orleans have blown the scandals.

One of the men most responsible for the shaking of the old Huey Long machine so that it fell was Jim Crown, fiery editor of the New Orleans *States*. A word picture of Maj. Crown, prepared in connection with his appearance as a guest speaker at the regional convention of the journalistic fraternity, in Dallas. He was in the organization at that time.

David R. McGuire, author of the article on the L.S.U. student newspaper, who, with six others, was expelled in 1934 for kicking against Huey Long's rule. Taken in by the University of Missouri, he followed graduation, he served successively as editor of the Hammond, La., country daily, and the New Orleans *States* before joining the New Orleans *States* staff as a writer and rewrite man.

# Lid Lifter!

g Editor of the Old School,  
Exposing Political Scandals

R. McGUIRE

iner as city editor; *Denver Republic*, city editor; *New York Morning World*, as Mexican border correspondent and later as Congressional and White House correspondent.

IN 1917, Maj. Crown returned to New Orleans to become city editor of the old *Daily States*. For 19 years he sat on that city desk from 6:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m. for 6 days a week. He continued on as city editor when the *Daily States* was purchased from the Ewing interests in 1934 by the Times-Picayune Publishing Company. Two years ago when Capt. Ross, editor of the re-named *New Orleans States*, died, Maj. Crown was named editor and managing editor.

The first thing he did was to find himself an editorial assistant to occupy his private office. He moved his own desk out in the news room—opposite the city desk where he had ruled so long.

"I won't be cooped up," he explained. "I want to be out where things are happening."

Sitting out there in his shirt sleeves, Jim Crown is one of the most demo-



"Who wrote this head?" demands Maj. Crown.

cratic and easy-to-see newspaper editors in the country. Whoever wants to see "the Major" sees him right away. There are no railings, barred doors or secretaries to get through. He answers his 'phone himself.

HE was a hard worker during his tenure as city editor, coming down to the office every morning at 6:00 and staying on the desk until the final edition rolled at 5:00 in the afternoon. Today, as editor, he retains that schedule with slight variations. He rises early, eats a big breakfast and checks over the morning papers. Mrs. Crown then drives him to the office and he arrives every morning at 7:00.

He immediately sends a copy-boy out for the first of several additional light breakfasts. After discussing the news for the day with City Editor Eddie Hebert, he dictates the lead editorial to one of the reporters. A born orator, he paces up and down the floor and hammers his points home with voice and fist as he dictates. Early visitors to the city room are sometimes spellbound by this oratory. During his pauses for breath, staff members sometimes chime in with criticism or approval of his remarks. He sometimes starts off with a preliminary announcement to the news staff:

"Gentlemen, this is the god-damndest thing ever I did hear tell of!" That happens when he is in indignant mood and about to let fly with no punches pulled. His black horn-rimmed glasses slip down on his nose, he twirls his watch chain furiously, and his hair falls in disarray on either side of a

river-like part down the middle of his head.

Maj. Crown has a priceless asset as an editorial writer. He is blessed with the common touch, and his voice is truly the voice of the people.

He is at his editorial best when crusading against something that he considers is contrary to the public interest. Two years ago he co-operated with a group of ministers in driving slot machines from the city limits of New Orleans, not because he objects to adults gambling if they want to, but because the slots and other gambling devices were operating in drug stores, restaurants and ice cream parlors near schools. He was violent in his opposition to these machines being available for the nickels and dimes of school children.

LAST summer he engaged in battle with the state administration heirs of the late Senator Huey P. Long over the system of deducting 5 or 10 per cent from the salaries of all state employees and forcing them to subscribe to the weekly political newspaper, *Progress*.

The *New Orleans States* and the *Times-Picayune*, morning paper of the Times-Picayune Publishing Company, exposed the payroll assessments and forced subscriptions. Maj. Crown invited the low-salaried state employees—who were the chief objectors to this rake-off—to bring their complaints to his paper, and their stories were told in full, omitting names, of course. The deductions were called "de-ducts" by these people, and the designation was finally shortened to "ducks."

have a right to be proud of the way in which  
have blown the lid off the Louisiana political

ible for the explosion and fireworks which have  
chine so thoroughly has been Maj. James E.  
leans States. The Quill is happy to present this  
ared in connection with his recent appearance  
al convention of Sigma Delta Chi, professional  
He was initiated as a professional member of

f the article, is a former editor of the *Reveille*,  
with six other journalism students, was expelled  
y Long's uncalled-for censorship of the paper.  
Missouri, he was graduated the following year.  
d successively with the *New Orleans Item*; a  
d the New Orleans bureau of the United Press  
*States* staff in November, 1937, as a reporter

One day, New Orleans newspaper readers were startled to see on the *States'* front page a line reading "The Ducks Are Flying." Dollar signs flying away on wings were sprinkled among the words. The story reported that the weekly assessment for the privilege of working for the state of Louisiana was being collected that day by the higher-ups of the state administration. From then on, the payroll deductions were known as "ducks." One day the Major received a telegram from the governor inviting him to go duck-shooting. "No thanks," he replied, "the shooting is fine right here."

At the present time he is hammering away at an alleged real estate tax assessment reduction racket in New Orleans and other scandals. By forceful editorializing and airing charges of a prominent attorney that the racket is being operated with the participation of state employees, he has been largely responsible for the present grand jury investigation. The grand jury, incidentally, decided to probe into the matter a day or two after the Major had published an 8-column photograph of the members of that body on the front page of the *States*.

**I**N addition to his running of the editorial page, this salty character of American journalism keeps an active eye on the news of the day.

His desk is directly across from the city desk and, with City Editor Hebert and Kenneth E. Taylor, telegraph editor, he plans how the big stories are to be played each day. He writes many of the line heads himself for the outside flysheet and the main page one of the paper. He loves plenty of black type and nothing delights him more than hitting his readers smack in the face with a two-line, 96-point streamer line.

One of his most famous "lines" was written about 5 years ago when the *States* was engaged in verbal controversy with the late Senator Long.

The latter at that particular time had been indisposed at a New Orleans hotel, if memory is correct. When a police story came in reporting the suicide of some undistinguished citizen after an extended period of illness, the major dashed off this line:

"Long Ill, Kills Self."

The New Orleans *States* sold like hotcakes that afternoon with everybody, including the Senator, looking for a story on his demise. The Major says it was just a coincidence.

**I**T was Huey who gave him his title. Shortly after Long was elected Governor of Louisiana in 1928, he sent



David R. McGuire

word to Crown that he was going to appoint him a Colonel on his staff.

"Hell-fire," exclaimed Crown, "everybody in the South is a Colonel. There's nothing distinguished about that. I'd rather be a Major." He received his commission the next day and has been "The Major" to everybody since then. He did get a taste of real military life, however, when he served as a correspondent on the Mexican border with Pershing's expedition.

When things happen in the news room Maj. Crown is all action. His voice echoes through the building when he roars for a copy boy; if one is not within earshot he sometimes impatiently jumps up and runs takes of copy himself upstairs to the composing room, dictating the head to nobody in particular as he puffs up the steps.

His expanding girth, though, is forcing him to do less sprinting about the building in moments of stress. But his enthusiasm and mental energy are still the same as when he broke in as a cub reporter 40 years ago. He always goes upstairs to look at the page forms before the paper rolls and frequently he acts as makeup editor.

Nothing pleases him more than a clean beat over the afternoon opposition, and he has scored plenty in his time. He watches the clock as each press run nears; if she rolls a minute late he wants to know why.

**H**IS love of big, black type is illustrated by this: Just before the Munich agreement, when it appeared that war was eminent in Europe, the Major, never one to be caught napping on such a big story, had the engraving department make a cut of an artist's

drawing. It was about 3½ inches deep and read:

"War! War! War!"

When it was delivered to his desk he decided that since the current crisis and threats of war had already produced fly sheet type heads almost that large, this did not really do justice to an actual European war—if such should come.

So he ordered another cut made. This one contained just one big word: "WAR!"

It was 8 columns wide and half a page deep. It satisfied the Major. He now has it filed away ready for use if and when the occasion arises.

**A**NECDOTES about James Evans Crown are so numerous and varied that one could go on reciting them forever. He is a lovable, beloved character, idolized by the men and women who work for him and admired and respected as the dean of working newspapermen in New Orleans.

Whenever newspapermen in New Orleans gather and conjure up the past, exploits and incidents of his past life are recalled and told with relish and gusto.

He is a strange and picturesque blend of the old fashioned and the modern, the conservative and the progressive, the sensational and the calm and reserved.

As much as he loves a good story he has been known to hold out or tone down stories on the plea of a wife, a mother or a tearful child.

He is rather proud of his suppression of a notorious scandal during his hectic and brief reign as city editor of the *Denver Republican* about 25 or 30 years ago. The prominent man involved came to the Major's desk and with tears in his eyes begged that the story not be used. It would wreck his career and cause his wife to divorce him, he said. Crown called the other city editors of Denver and they all conspired to keep the story out of print on the man's promise to return home and stop his philandering. Years later this grateful individual made it a point to notify the Major and his cohorts that he was still toeing the straight-and-narrow path they had started him off on.

**H**IS staff, toward whom he displays a bluff and paternal affection, loves him because he is so kindly, generous and understanding of the faults and errors in human beings. You can talk to him straight without any hedging or beating around the bush. He treats his staff fairly and appreciates their hard work and overtime. If all editors

were like Jim Crown, there would be no need for newspaper unions. That's the consensus of the news and editorial employees of the New Orleans *States* toward their boss.

He sees everybody who comes up to see him. There is no sham or pretense in him. He is helpful and kindly to job hunters; when he knows that there will be no staff additions made in the near future he tells them so and then sits down and talks with them for 15 or 20 minutes advising them and suggesting papers that might be putting on men. There are any number of nationally known newspapermen, including a couple of columnists, who were started off and helped by Jim Crown.

His generosity is apparently known far and wide, because never a day passes without a couple of bums and transients appearing at his desk to claim former comradeship with him in Chicago or Denver or Memphis. He keeps a bountiful supply of change in his desk drawer for these parasites, and he has never been known to turn down a touch.

Aware that the panhandlers, many of them fakes who never wrote a line of copy, beat a steady and optimistic path to his desk, members of the staff have sought to protect him from their

outstretched hands. But he won't hear of it.

Occasionally there turns up a bona fide ex-colleague who hasn't weathered the storm of the years as has the Major. He will sit down and reminisce over the good old days and when his shabby friend is gone, considerably enriched, the Major will shake his head and say: "Gentlemen, *there* was a newspaperman—a magnificent newspaperman. But he couldn't stay off liquor."

Right now he is supporting a seedy, bewhiskered individual with whom he once worked in Memphis.

**SOMETIMES** when he comes down to the office in the morning in reminiscent and eloquent humor, the rewrites are late and the news coverage is held up temporarily while he entertains the entire staff with some exploit or boner that he pulled 25 years ago.

He loves sports, and football and baseball are among his favorites. In the autumn he always leads the Monday morning discussion and arguments of the week-end games, and is without any doubt the strongest alumni supporter in the nation of that undistinguished gridiron team, Randolph-Macon. In the summer he follows the baseball pennant races of the Southern and the two major leagues.

In recent months he has blossomed forth as a church congregation and civic club speaker. He works on a theory that contradicts Dale Carnegie. He tells people what's wrong with them. They apparently like it because he wins friends, influences people and is always given a return invitation. He has more of these than he can accept.

The clergy lost a natural evangelist when this journalistic Dr. Johnson became a newspaperman. He loves to talk to his fellow man.

He lectures church groups and luncheon clubs, at their invitation, on their failings as good citizens and good Christians. He upbraids them for their tolerance of corruption and bad government, for their laziness and indifference in not exercising the right of ballot.

**SEVERAL** weeks ago he called down members of the Young Men's Business Club of New Orleans, during a talk before members of this group, on its failure to take action on his repeated suggestions and challenges for a thorough investigation of the steadily increasing state and city taxes. The club has begun the investigation.

There is a story behind his recent series of appearances as a guest



## IF COMIC STRIPS WERE FREE

If comic strips were a nickel a dozen, they might be too expensive to print. Two newspapers, the Chicago Tribune and the New York News, spend more than a million dollars a year for the paper on which their comics are printed. But their comics are well worth the paper they are printed on. Are yours—all of them?

The cost of newsprint makes poor comics an expensive economy. For a better return on your paper expenditures, use Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate features.

### THE BIG TEN

Little Orphan Annie  
Moon Mullins  
Gasoline Alley  
The Gumps  
Smitty  
Harold Teen  
Winnie Winkle  
Dick Tracy  
Smilin' Jack  
Terry and the Pirates

•  
Latest on the list of  
Champions:  
George Clark's  
human interest  
cartoon:  
"The Neighbors"

**CHICAGO TRIBUNE - NEW YORK NEWS** *Syndicate* INC.

ARTHUR W. CRAWFORD, General Manager

NEWS BUILDING, New York

TRIBUNE TOWER, Chicago

preacher in the pulpits of various churches.

Several months ago, while chatting with a Methodist minister, the Major bet the clergyman that he could preach a better sermon. The pastor accepted—"called his bet"—the Major described it, and a date was set for the event. Major Crown appeared in his best Sunday suit and his derby hat that is reserved for special occasions. He carried the old family Bible that his father had used.

The theme of his sermon was "Don't Sell God Short," and such was the eloquence of his oratory that he not only brought tears to the eyes of the congregation, but he wept with them unashamedly. He also embarrassed several members of his news staff who came to hear him preach by pointing them out as "sinners." The press services also had representatives at the church and sent out lengthy stories on his talk.

His own religion, if he belong to a particular sect or denomination, is not known to the writer. Nor does he know whether he goes to church every Sunday. He does know that Maj. Crown is a God-fearing Christian of the first water. He is popular with clergymen of all branches of religion and many of them call regularly at his desk.

His upbuilding of his paper's church page and his plain-spoken, simply-worded "Go to Church" editorials which appear every Saturday morning in the *New Orleans States* have won the appreciation of all clergymen, as their letters to him will testify.

**MAJ. CROWN'S** philosophy of life is simple. Forty years of newspapering have taught him that the best life is a plain one and "don't worry about anything."

After his recovery from a series of operations some years ago that involved his liver, kidneys and gall

bladder, he has lived an abstemious and temperate life in strong contrast to his former irregular and hectic hours. Eating is his principal dissipation.

After working 10 hours daily at the office, he goes directly home each day when Mrs. Crown comes for him at 5:00 p. m.

After a hearty dinner, he listens to the radio or reads, and then retires at 8:00 or 9:00 o'clock. On week-ends he remains quietly at home or takes a ride in the country with Mrs. Crown. It takes the funeral of some dear friend or professional colleague or an invitation to make a speech for him to depart from this routine. He has stopped attending weddings because they are so numerous, especially on his own staff.

As city editor of the *New Orleans States*, he was one of the rapidly dying out race of fire-eaters. Men who have worked under him will tell you that he's the greatest desk man in the country. Stanley Walker wrote "if you haven't worked for Crown, then you haven't been around."

**HE** maintains that "there is nothing new in the newspaper business." The present emphasis on pictures, he contends, is old stuff. "Why we did all that 30 years ago in Chicago with photographs, drawings and sketches," he says.

He somewhat grudgingly admits that women have a place in a city room, "but, damn it, you can't cuss with them around," he complains.

He doesn't believe in too many rules: "Rules are made to be broken," he recently announced. "I would fire a man who didn't break a rule for the good of the organization."

He is a rugged individualist and he says what he thinks.

That's Maj. James E. Crown who, in his own words, is "a reformed Christian gentleman."

Several days ago while a class of school children were being shown through the newsroom, a big story popped right on the Home Edition deadline. The Major characteristically went into high-speed action, ordering a replate, phoning the mail room, and shouting out the revised fly sheet make-up. The little visitors looked on wide-eyed. A couple of minutes later, in the calm that followed the sudden storm, one of the youngsters piped:

"Gee, it's just like the movies."

## Nazi News

[Concluded from page 6]

is then a question of the personal relationship between the foreign correspondent and the German official whether or not the latter will help the newsman out with a remark or a gesture or an observation which will tell him whether or not he is on the right track.

Which brings me to a pet theory of mine: 17 years as an AP correspondent in Germany, six of them under the severe restrictions of National Socialism, have taught me that the only way to obtain a relatively complete record of the goings-on in this interesting country and to learn the why and wherefore of measures adopted, is to be at work incessantly at the task of widening one's circle of friends and acquaintances.

**IT** is an exacting task. It means lots of wasted time. Many a gathering proves barren. Many an item gleaned of an evening in an uncomfortable boiled shirt must be withheld for the moment lest the source be endangered. Many a bit of gossip must be laboriously checked, only to reveal its irresponsible origin. Many an apparent bona fide tip is a deliberate "plant" by someone interested in exposing the correspondent as unreliable.

But I know of no other way to obtain the true picture of the Germany of today. A remark by my barber, a conversation overheard in the street car, a pleasantries exchanged between two poker-faced diplomats, an unusual emphasis in a public speech, an innocent-looking item in some obscure provincial paper may put the foreign correspondent on the scent of a big story.

Once on the scent, the time elapsing until the coveted game can be bagged depends upon the number of friends and acquaintances and sources, both official and unofficial, whom one can press into the—to them perhaps unbeknown—role of hounds to track down this game.

### How Can Weekly Newspapers Get More Advertising?

Every available survey, statement or practical demonstration pointing the way toward increased lineage—foreign, local or classified—is analyzed in *THE AMERICAN PRESS* magazine, the only magazine devoted primarily to the advertising problems of small town newspapers. **Subscription only \$1.00 a year.**

**THE AMERICAN PRESS 225 W. 39th St., New York**

## • THE BOOK BEAT •

### The Tarbell Trail

**ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK**, by Ida M. Tarbell. 412 pp. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.50.

During the last two or three years, autobiographies of America's outstanding newspaper and magazine writers and editors—also a number from Europe—have appeared in a steady stream.

None of these has been more informative and entertaining, more a picture of a period, than Ida M. Tarbell's recently published life story. Nor has any of these authors more of a right to pen his story, for Miss Tarbell was an early co-ed, one of the early woman reporters and magazine writers. She lived, watched and wrote of an America that has passed from the leisurely Chautauqua era through the gay and giddy twenties to the depths of the depression and the ensuing New Deal.

The story begins in Pennsylvania where, as a child, she was to live through the exciting days of the oil boom; follows her to Allegheny College where she was one of the early co-eds; then to the Poland Union Seminary at Poland, O., where she was a preceptress.

Her introduction to journalism was one of those casual, accidental circumstances that so often have shaped a career. Dr. Theodore L. Flood, a preacher who had retired from the pulpit to edit the *Chautauquan* was a guest at the home of her parents. He asked if she would be interested in helping him develop a new department in the magazine. She accepted—and never has strayed farther than the lecture platform from the inky trail ever since.

She learned about printing and make-up from the printing office foreman—one Adrian McCoy—and a real good teacher he was. She gained her first actual taste of reporting on the Chautauqua Assembly *Daily Herald*.

At 33, she set out for France, determined to embark on a free lance career. She syndicated articles to the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, the Cincinnati *Times-Star* and the Chicago *Tribune*. Three months after her arrival in France she received a check of \$100 for her first story to *Scribners*. A meeting with S. S. McClure followed in 1892. She was commissioned to write a series of articles for McClure's magazine and presently returned to New York and became a member of the staff.

It was McClure who started her on

### Book Bulletins

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH LETTERS**, William Lyon Phelps. 982 pp. Oxford University Press, New York, London and Toronto. \$3.75.

Without a doubt one of the most fascinating autobiographies of recent times. For nearly four decades William Lyon Phelps has been America's most popular lecturer on literature, letter writer, literary critic, authority on Browning, conversationalist and traveler. His autobiography is full of anecdote, observation, humor, memories of famous writers who have been his intimate friends—Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, Hugh Walpole, Maeterlinck, G. K. Chesterton, Thomas Hardy and many others.

**AMERICAN EARTH**, by Carleton Beals. 500 pp. J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia, New York and Toronto. \$3.

Carleton Beals whose stories of countries and peoples have included such familiar volumes as: "Fire on the Andes," "The Crime of Cuba," "Mexican Maze," "The Coming Struggle for Latin America," now turns his searching study, observation and comment to America. He tells the story from the time of the first settlers down to the stark drama of the dust bowl and the migration of destitute families to the West. He knows the unpleasant side of America as well as her beauty—and records both with the power of an accomplished reporter.

**DICTATORSHIP IN THE MODERN WORLD**, edited by Guy Stanton Ford. 362 pp. University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, Minn. Trade edition, \$3.50, Text edition, \$2.75.

In this, the revised and enlarged edition of a work first issued in 1935, 14 scholars, American and European, under the guidance of President Ford, of the University of Minnesota, himself a distinguished historian, have cooperated to present a cool, dispassionate survey of the era of the dictators. Certainly a background volume that any newspaperman expecting to treat in any way of world affairs should know and have available. The list of contributors includes such political scientists and authors as Max Lerner, Henry R. Spencer, Harold C. Deutsch, Hans Kohn and others. Ten of the 15 papers included are entirely new.

a search for Lincoln material in 1895, a quest that was to yield more than 300 hitherto uncollected Lincoln letters and speeches and to give her an interest in the Great Emancipator that has never dimmed. Four years were spent in completing her "The Life of Abraham Lincoln."

"The greatest regret of my life" she says in her autobiography, "is that I shall not live to write another life of him. There is so much of him that I never touched."

There are many interesting passages relating her experiences on McClures where, with John S. Phillips, Ray Stannard Baker, Lincoln Steffens, John M. Siddall and others she helped create an intensely interesting magazine month after month. Her account of the writing of "The Story of the

Standard Oil Company" is a fascinating account of a reporter at work.

In 1906, there was a split between McClure and his editors. Phillips, Baker, Steffens, Siddall, Albert Boyden and Miss Tarbell left, formed a corporation and bought the *American* magazine which they continued to edit and publish until 1915 when it was sold to the Crowell organization. Miss Tarbell left the magazine shortly after the sale and began a lecture career.

During the World War she was intensely active in the work of the Women's Committee of the Council for National Defense; wrote a series of post-war articles from France for the *Red Cross Magazine* and then resumed her lecture career. Then, at 63, she began the free lance career which has continued down to the present.

Today, fast nearing her eighty-second birthday, she spends two to three hours a day at her desk in her Connecticut farm home. There is always something more to be done—perhaps the finishing touches to another bit of Lincoln work. For there never has been a time since the World War, she notes, that she has not had a long or short article on Lincoln in progress.

Still feeling that consuming urge to set things down on paper, still curious about the world and its multitude of problems, Ida Tarbell will lay down her pen only when the time comes to let it rest permanently. Meanwhile, she has left a record of her times that anyone who comes after her will find intensely interesting, very human, and thoroughly enjoyable.

### Book Chat

Lee Shippey, who has conducted "The Lee Side of L. A." column in the *Los Angeles Times* since 1927, has recently seen his fourth novel come from the printer. It is "If We Only Had Money," published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, at \$2.00. The publication date is Aug. 22. His previous novels were "Where Nothing Ever Happens," "The Girl Who Wanted Experience" and "The Great American Family."



### Protect Your Fraternity Name

Your Balfour contract guarantees the maintenance of official specifications and protects your fraternity name and insignia from falling into foreign hands. Guard your insignia by ordering ONLY from your official jeweler.

**L. G. BALFOUR CO.**  
ATTLEBORO MASS.

## Principal Figures at the CNPA Luncheon for SDX



**William S. Kellogg**

Publisher, the Glendale News-Press, and president of the California Newspaper Publishers' Association, who will preside.



**Neal Van Sooy**

Publisher, Azusa Herald, is president of the Los Angeles Professional Chapter of SDX, and a speaker at the luncheon.



**Bill Rogers**

Publisher, the Beverly Hills Citizen, son of the late Will Rogers, who appears as a luncheon speaker.

[Continued from page 4]

Members of the convention program committee assisting President George A. Brandenburg, Chicago correspondent for *Editor & Publisher*, are Mr. Bush of Stanford; Carl P. Miller, vice-president, Pacific Coast Edition, *Wall Street Journal*, Los Angeles, past national president of SDX; H. C. Hendee, editor, Pacific Coast Edition, *Wall Street Journal*, president of the San Francisco professional chapter; Mr. Van Sooy, president of the Los Angeles professional chapter; and Mr. Hoyt.

The complete program follows:

### THURSDAY, AUG. 31

#### San Francisco

- 9:00 a. m. Reception and Registration, Press Club.  
10:00 a. m. BUSINESS SESSION.  
Call to order by President of Stanford Chapter.  
President George A. Brandenburg introduced.  
Roll Call.  
Appointment of Committee on Credentials.

- 10:30 a. m. Welcome Address. Response by President Brandenburg.  
10:45 a. m. Reading of 1938 Convention Minutes, by Irving Dilliard, National Secretary.  
Reports of National Officers, and Chairmen of Standing Committees.  
Outline of Convention Organization, by James C. Kiper, Executive Secretary.  
Report of Committee on Credentials.  
Appointment of Committees.

## Among SDX Officers Appearing on the Convention Program



**Chilton R. Bush**

Director, Division of Journalism, Stanford University, an executive councilor of the fraternity, will discuss journalism schools.



**Irving Dilliard**

Dilliard, a special and editorial writer, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and a Nieman Fellow, is secretary of SDX.



**Palmer Hoyt**

Publisher, the Portland Oregonian, national treasurer of the fraternity, will discuss "The Local News Front."

THE QUILL for August, 1939

## They Helped Shoulder Burden of Convention Details



**H. C. Hendee**

Editor, Pacific Coast Edition, Wall Street Journal, president of the San Francisco Professional Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, and general chairman of the convention committee.



**Miller C. Holland**

Pacific Division news manager, the United Press, chairman of the dinner committee and member of the finance committee.



**Philip J. Sinnott**

Pacific Coast manager, NEA Service, Inc., chairman of the finance committee for the convention.

11:45 a. m. Keynote Address, "A Free Press by Public Service," by Paul C. Edwards, associate editor, San Francisco News.

12:30 p. m. LUNCHEON, Complimentary by California Newspaper Publishers' Association, Press Club.

Presiding, William S. Kellogg, Glendale News-Press, President of CNPA; Professional member of Stanford Chapter, SDX.

Introductions: John B. Long, General Manager, CNPA; Professional member, University of Southern California Chapter, SDX.

Address: "James King of William: Reformer of the Press." Neal Van Sooy, Azusa Herald, First Vice-president, CNPA, President, Los Angeles Professional Chapter, Sigma Delta Chi; Lecturer in Journalism at Stanford University.

Address: Bill Rogers, Beverly Hills Citizen; son of the late Will Rogers; war observer in Spain for the Citizen; Professional member, Stanford Chapter, Sigma Delta Chi.

2:15 p. m. PROFESSIONAL SESSION. (Open to CNPA Members) Press Club.

Symposium—"The Washington Newsfront." Irving Dilliard, editorial writer, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, National Secretary, Sigma Delta Chi, presiding.

Leo Rosten, author, "The Washington Correspondents."

Raymond Clapper, Washington columnist, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, and National Honorary President, Sigma Delta Chi.

7:00 p. m. DINNER, with San Francisco and Oakland Newspapers as hosts.

10:45 p. m. ENTRAIN for Palo Alto.

11:39 p. m. ARRIVE Palo Alto.

### FRIDAY, SEPT. 1

#### Palo Alto

9:00 a. m. BUSINESS SESSION. Education Building Auditorium, Stanford Campus Committee Reports. New Business.

10:00 a. m. ROUND-TABLE SESSIONS. Undergraduate Delegates' Session. Elmo Scott Watson, vice-president, undergraduate chapter affairs, presiding.

Professional Delegates and Members' Session. Willard R. Smith, vice-president, professional affairs, presiding.

12:15 p. m. LUNCH. Dutch Treat. Committees will meet for discussion of work.

1:30 p. m. PROFESSIONAL SESSION. (Open to CNPA Members.) Address: "Reporting and Pressagentry in Hollywood" by Paul Harrison, NEA Hollywood correspondent.

Symposium—"The Foreign News Front." Oscar Leidig, cable editor, the Associated Press, national executive councilor of Sigma Delta Chi, presiding.

John Thompson, foreign news editor, San Francisco News.

Barry Faris, editor-in-chief, International News Service, national executive councilor of Sigma Delta Chi.

4:00 p. m. BUSINESS SESSION. Committee Reports.

5:30 p. m. MODEL INITIATION. Conducted by National Officers, Ralph L. Peters, Chairman, Executive Council, presiding.

6:30 p. m. CONVENTION BANQUET. Stanford Union. President Brandenburg, presiding.

Address: Raymond Clapper, National Honorary President, Sigma Delta Chi.

Address: Donald J. Sterling, managing editor, Portland Journal; president American Society of Newspaper Editors; Professional member Oregon chapter, Sigma Delta Chi.

### SATURDAY, SEPT. 2

#### Palo Alto

9:00 a. m. BUSINESS SESSION.

9:30 a. m. PROFESSIONAL SESSION. Charles E. Rogers, Director, Department of Industrial Journalism, Kansas State College; vice-president in charge of expansion, Sigma Delta Chi, presiding.

Address: "The Road Ahead for Journalism Schools," by Chilton R. Bush, Director, Division of Journalism, Stanford University; executive councilor, Sigma Delta Chi.

Address: "The Nieman Fellowship Plan," by Irving Dilliard, Nieman Fellow in 1938-39, at Harvard.

10:30 a. m. Symposium—"The Local [Concluded on page 19]

# AS WE VIEW IT

## What to Promote?

**N**EWSPAPERS spend a lot of money every year in promotion. They spend it for billboard displays, truck and rack cards, for radio announcements, trade journal and newspaper advertisements, and in a host of other ways.

That is as it should be—but what, we ask you, do these promotional efforts usually proclaim? Why, the latest comic strip; the annual cooking school; a new serial story throbbing with hearts and flowers; a soap-box derby; marble tournament—anything and everything, as a rule, excepting something pertaining to the writing and editing side of the business.

Of course those lively lads, the promotion managers, can't be expected to make every ad sound the merits of the editorial side of the paper but once in a blue moon or so the department that prepares the material which "runs between the ads" should be given a break!

**H**ATS off, therefore, you editorial boys and girls, to the promotion manager of the *Chicago Daily News* who penned an advertisement headed: "—and it grinds your brains to powder." The ad then started off:

*Newspaper writing, as the late Henry Justin Smith once told a class in journalism, "is hard, and it grinds your brains to powder." To this he added: "You don't burn yourself up, though . . . you get hardened like steel. And your literary style becomes like steel, too." But, he pointed out, "to do any good writing you have to care about it tremendously."*

"**C**ARING about it tremendously" has become a tradition on the *Chicago Daily News*. Eugene Field knew what it meant . . . sweating over a manuscript . . . wanting to make people feel things. "His success," as Melville Stone observed, "was not achieved without constant and earnest toil." This, also, could be said of George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne, Carl Sandburg, and the many other distinguished alumni of the *Chicago Daily News*.

And the tradition continues.

It streaked like forked lightning through the work of Ed Lahey when word was flashed that the *Squalus* was down with 58 on board. Lahey—off duty and winding up a fellowship award at Cambridge, Mass.—got his paper on the telephone, begged for the assignment, played hockey from Harvard, and wrote the most graphic account of the tragedy that came out of Portsmouth. And his dispatches consistently beat the bulletins of the big press associations over the wire by margins of 20 to 30 minutes.

Just the tradition of caring about writing tremendously!

It blazed like a rocket on the night that Bob Casey—pausing between coverage of national conventions at Cleveland and Philadelphia—stopped off in New York for the first Louis-Schmeling fight. Casey didn't sit in the press section. He was lucky to get into the dim aura on the fringe of Yankee Stadium. After all, he wasn't there to cover the scrap. But when things began to happen, he pulled his typewriter from under the seat and started banging away at the keys in the dark. He didn't know

what to do with the piece when the fight was over. It was too late to query the office. He couldn't locate the writer covering for his paper. So, he put the story on the wire and forgot about it. The *Chicago Daily News* printed it on page one. Frank Mott and a nationwide board of editors published it as the best sports story of the year.

Anything can happen when one cares tremendously about writing.

**T**HERE was more of it—and it read swell—but if you want to read the rest of it you'll have to look elsewhere or tell the promotion manager of the *News* that he made a great mistake when he didn't place the ad with *THE QUILL*, too. (And he did, at that!)

Seriously, however, we feel there should be a lot more advertisements along this line. Not prepared for the trade journals alone, but for consumption by the subscribers.

If the newspaper business spent as much time and energy and devoted as much space to telling the difficulties correspondents have in getting news through censor-cursed Europe, and in relating the hardships and adventures of their staff members in gathering the news, as they give away so freely to promoting everything else under the sun, newspaper readers of America would have a much greater appreciation of and respect for their newspapers and the free press that a Democracy permits!

## Citizens by the Carload

**C**ITIZENSHIP, as granted by many of our Federal Courts in America, is about as sorry a spectacle as could be presented.

Those seeking the right and privilege to be called Americans—something that many of them appreciate far more than those born with that right and privilege—are pushed and shoved around like a herd of cattle.

Something to be sandwiched in before lunch-time or between motions—something that cannot be avoided but can be gotten rid of with the greatest possible dispatch—that is the granting of citizenship in too many courts today.

Some judges, realizing the meaning of the step, its significance, its possibilities, have undertaken to instill dignity and ceremony into the occasion.

Praise be to them for giving some semblance of significance to what should be a beautiful moment in the lives of hundreds of future Americans.

What is the situation in your city? Does the court handle the granting of citizenship like ranchers handle the dipping of sheep—or is it trying to transform what is a farce in many cities to something really worthwhile?

## Canned Comment

**T**HE article by Marvin H. Creager in this issue of *THE QUILL* and the one by Tom Wallace several months ago are not to be construed as attacks on columnists themselves. Both have paid tribute to the quality of the writing done by the columnists. What they are attacking—and we agree with them—is the practice of "letting George," in this case the syndicated columnist, do what the editor or members of his staff should be doing—interpreting and commenting on the news of the day. There should be on any newspaper staff at least one man capable of producing a column on local events—perhaps another to discuss national and international developments. Or maybe one man to do both. Let's have more home-made comment to be served along with the excellent material served up by the syndicates.

## AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

"Have you pulled the curtain on the Kendall article and its interesting responses? If not, possibly the attached note clipped from the July 24th issue of *Newsweek* may add a light touch to what could easily become an overheated series.

"Foreign Notes

"The German propaganda office has ordered all newspapers to 'forget' Max Schmeling's defeats by Baer and Louis when mentioning his career. . . ."

"Of all the many interesting articles in *THE QUILL*, this one surely waves the reddest flag imaginable in the face of working publication men. Under the easygoing give and take of our form of government, Mr. Kendall is entitled to the freedom and expression of his opinion. Under government ownership of the press and its satellites, Mr. Kendall might all too soon find his opinions on the *verboten* list of some momentarily exercised censor.

"It would be interesting to interview Mr. Kendall 10 years hence and see whether his views have endured. Such an article would be welcome in *THE QUILL* of that day."

THAT'S a good suggestion, Mr. Reed, and we'll pass it on to Mr. Kendall with the hope that he will prepare such an article for *THE QUILL* of May, 1949. Maybe we won't be in the editorial chair at that time, but we believe that the editor of that day would prove highly receptive to the article.

**S**PEAKING further of letters, we have been hearing some mighty nice things about Mark Ethridge's article, "Perils of the Press," which appeared in the June issue.

From Dudley B. Martin, of the *New York Times* staff, came this note:

"Congratulations to *THE QUILL* for publishing Mark Ethridge's 'Perils of the Press' in the June issue.

"His remarks seemed to me to be the most arresting ever printed in *SDX's* fine magazine. You are correct if you assume that I agree with him about the need for the Press adapting itself to changing conditions and stopping this crying of 'wolf,' lest the wolf, far away, tires of being taunted and decides to make a raid.

"I wish that reprints of Mr. Ethridge's article could be sent to all of this country's newspaper publishers."

## Convention

[Concluded from page 17]

Newsfront." Willard R. Smith, manager, Wisconsin Bureau United Press, presiding.

Palmer Hoyt, publisher the Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian*; National Treasurer, Sigma Delta Chi.

Ralph L. Peters, roto editor, the Detroit (Mich.) *News*.

11:30 a. m. **RECESS**, for luncheon, compliments of the Stanford Undergraduate and San Francisco Professional chapters of Sigma Delta Chi. Joe Di Maggio's Grotto, Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco.

2:15 p. m. **SIGHT-SEEING TRIP**. Delegates free to attend exposition for afternoon and evening.

10:45 a. m. **RETURN** to Palo Alto by bus.

### SUNDAY, SEPT. 3

#### Palo Alto

9:00 a. m. **BUSINESS SESSION**. Education Building Auditorium. Committee Reports. Unfinished Business. Election and Installation of Officers. New Business. Service of Remembrance.

12:00 Noon. **ADJOURNMENT**. Delegates will be free to visit exposition grounds.

*THE QUILL* for August, 1939

### MONDAY, SEPT. 4

#### En Route

8:35 a. m. **ENTRAIN** for Los Angeles.  
5:30 p. m. **ARRIVE** at Los Angeles.

### TUESDAY, SEPT. 5

#### Los Angeles

9:00 a. m. Reception and Registration. Beverly Hills Hotel.  
9:30 a. m. Welcome, by representatives of University of Southern California and Los Angeles chapters. Roll Call.

10:00 a. m. **TRIP** to 20th Century-Fox Motion Picture Studios. Round-Table Discussion: Movie Scenario Writing. Color Photography.

12:30 p. m. **LUNCHEON**, 20th Century-Fox, as guests of studio.

2:30 p. m. **TOUR** of Columbia Broadcasting System studios. Round-Table Discussion: Radio Script Writing. News Reporting.

7:00 p. m. **DINNER**, Beverly Hills Hotel. University of Southern California and Los Angeles chapters as hosts. Program Headliners: Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. Alec Templeton. Rupert Hughes. Irvin S. Cobb. Bob Burns. Walter Winchell.

10:30 p. m. **FINAL ADJOURNMENT**.

We speak  
your language

## ON PROBLEMS OF

LAYOUT AND DESIGN  
NEWSPAPER MAKEUP  
CIRCULATION  
ADVERTISING  
NEWS GATHERING

and a host of related subjects. And we've been speaking that language for years—57 of them to be exact. Naturally we feel that the accumulated experiences of these years places us in a position to be of greater help to you. That's why we want you as a subscriber to *National Printer Journalist*. No other publication covers the field so thoroughly—no other gives you so much for your money.

Send \$1.00  
for a year's subscription

**NATIONAL PRINTER JOURNALIST**  
219 SOUTH FOURTH STREET  
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

## Job Seeks Man!

It's actually true. Every job entails certain requirements, and it isn't always easy for the employer to find the man who can meet them.

Perhaps you have been the man needed in many cases, but didn't know of the job. The job won't find you unless you are in the right place.

The purpose of The Personnel Bureau is to connect such a man as you—not actively seeking another job but eager for advancement—with the job you want and can best fill. We've been doing it for 25 years, handling all registrations with strict CONFIDENCE without jeopardy to present positions.

Write today for registration form. Fee, \$1 for two years.

## THE PERSONNEL BUREAU

of Sigma Delta Chi

JAMES C. KIPER, Director

35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

A nation-wide non-profit service supported by Sigma Delta Chi, Professional Journalistic Fraternity.



# Your MENTAL "DESK"

Eager to "get ahead" . . . anxious to climb upward in this interesting, important profession of journalism . . . eyes on an editorial job . . . a columnist's honored pillar of type—the star reporter's desk . . . head of "Classified"? Name any post you wish—they're all vitally alive. Progress is a matter of knowledge and of "Know How." YOU MUST KEEP POSTED. Not as to what's happening in one department but preferably in ALL of them. Jobs—opportunities—advancement result from the rounded-out picture of the newspaper business—as a whole.

Well . . . perhaps you have tried to work out a plan . . . subscribed to a clutter of trade journals . . . written to friends . . . clipped items here and there . . . kept voluminous files . . . sorted out news items. Both your mind and your desk are a "mess" . . . and no foolin'.

## EDITOR & PUBLISHER

Times Bldg., Times Square, New York, N.Y.

That isn't the wisest way to do it—if we may be permitted to say so. Why not narrow down the source of supply to a ONE, SURE, FOOL-PROOF medium? EDITOR & PUBLISHER doesn't claim to be an all-reader periodical. It is written by newspaper and advertising men and is addressed specifically to THEM. \$4.00 for fifty-two infallible career-aides seem a modest price.